

PUBLIC DAILY LEDGER



SIXTH YEAR.

MAYSVILLE, KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1897.

ONE CENT.



LARGEST IN THE CITY.

Purely Business!

The columns of a newspaper represent a cash value. No publisher can afford to give advertising space to any one who does not pay for it. A newspaper is a business, and its columns are its stock in trade, and advertisements should be paid for, no matter in what part of the paper they appear.

The Confessed Cattle

UPON THE LEDGER for free notices have become so burdensome that we are forced to publish the following terms:

For Notices of Supper.—*Supper, dance, or other public entertainment where a fee is charged, and for ordinary notices, reasonable of respect, etc.* The Ledger will charge FIVE CENTS A LINE AND HEREFTER this will be the unalterable rule, though we will.

Does Not Include—*Notices of Lodge meetings or Church services, which must not exceed ten lines.*

Avoidance of Disputes.

Misunderstandings are unpleasant. The rate for business notices in this Ledger is 10 cents a line for the first insertion and 5 cents a line for subsequent insertions. A customer orders a five-line local insertion in the paper. "I'll tell you when to take it out," he says to the bookkeeper. But he forgets all about it. The notice runs for two months—24 times. The bill is \$12. When he finds it out there is a "kick" and a controversy, followed probably by an angry feeling. Now, to obviate this trouble, and to avoid notices will be accepted hereafter. Let's have a definite agreement at the outset and the termination will be pleasant all around.

ALL matter for publication must be handed in before 9 o'clock in the morning of each day.



IF you have friends visiting you, or if you are going away on a visit, please drop us a note to that effect.

Mr. W. P. Larue of St. Louis is visiting here.

Mr. J. D. Muse went to Cincinnati this morning.

County Clerk W. D. Cochran is at home from Danville.

Mr. A. A. Pumpelly was in the Queen City a few days ago.

Mrs. James Barbour is the guest of Mrs. Robert Goggin of Paris.

Mr. N. S. Sutt of Sardis left yesterday afternoon for a trip to Paoli, Kansas.

Colonel Harry Anderson of Flemingsburg was registered in Cincinnati Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. McLean of Mars, Ill., are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Winter.

Mrs. Gordon is here from Lexington on a visit to her daughter, Miss Fannie I. Gordon.

Mrs. W. E. McCall has returned to Lexington after a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Baldwin.

IF you have an item of news, please call up THE LEDGER, Telephone 35, and send it in.

Fire Insurance—John C. Everett.

The "beat" with the scaled arm is in town today.

Mrs. J. W. Foxworthy is ill at her home on East Third street.

Superintendent Limerick's condition is improved this morning.

No woman really knows a man till she has seen him with dyspepsia.

Mr. T. L. Keith is confined to his room. He is threatened with pneumonia.

Mr. J. L. Daulton is sick with pneumonia at his home in the Fifth Ward.

Chenoweth Cold Cure, a boon to sufferers from grip; 25 cents. Well invested.

A. O. E. W.

Regular meeting tonight at Hall on Sutton at 7:30. A full attendance is desired as business of importance will be transacted.

R. H. WALLACE, R.

WAS NOT HELD.

Deputy Marshal O. A. Kendall Not Guilty of Killing Monroe Padget.

Deputy Marshal O. A. Kendall, who was arrested in this city a short time since by Officer Purnell, charged with the murder of Monroe Padget and setting fire to the jail at Farmers, Rowan county, on December 24th, was released at the examining trial.

The Commonwealth failed to produce the least evidence of his guilt.



IF ALL WERE HOLIDAYS.

If all the days were holidays, Before the day was done The hardest work that you could do Would seem the lightest fun.

MAYSVILLE WEATHER

What We May Expect For the Next Twenty-four Hours.

THE LEDGER'S WEATHER SIGNALS.

White streamer—Fair.

Blue—Rain or snow.

With Black above—TWIL WARMER.

(If Black) SEVERE—COLDER—will be.

Thick Black—SHOW—no change.

Blue—The above forecasts are made for a period of twenty-four hours, ending at 4 o'clock to-morrow evening.

A \$30,000 flour mill is to be built at Henderson.

Old Limestone Bourbon and Rye always in stock at John Brubois.

Shop for sale in any quantity at Limestone Distillery, beginning Feb. 8th.

Go to Henry W. Ray's for Pure Drugs and Sundries. Prescriptions a specialty.

Grate Arratt intended to shoot Circuit Judge J. B. Redwine at Salsberyville.

Mr. Frank Nichols, aged 23, and Mrs. Rosa Browning, aged 30, both of this city, were married last evening.

In America are 123,000,000 of people. Of these 6,000,000 are North of the United States; 60,000,000 in the Central States, 16,000,000 in Mexico and United America, 37,000,000 in South America.

The damage suits brought in this city against the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company on account of the Lexington street crossing catastrophe will probably be removed to the Federal Court.

Alabama's new back-tax assessment law has gone into operation. It gives Commissioners' inquisitorial powers that cause property owners to regard it as an iniquitous and iniquitous measure.

When P. J. Murphy the Jeweler repairs your watch you can rely on it. All his watch and clock work is warranted to give satisfaction. No fancy charges. We are prepared to do diamond mounting in the best manner.

State Commissioner of Agriculture Moore awarded the bid for supply seed for the Agricultural Department to David Landreth & Sons, Philadelphia. Chenoweth, the Druggist, has the sole agency of this seed for Mason county.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Beard were greatly rejoiced yesterday over the arrival of a ten-pound boy at their home on West Second street. The price of the Standard Oil Company's products remains the same, however.

When a fellow rings the firebell how easy it would be to tap the Ward, that people might know where the fire is.

Four single taps, with a pause between each, would let everybody know that the fire was in the Fourth Ward. But when a chap keeps up an incessant clanging one is left to infer that all creation is a blaze.

Rev. D. C. Yazell and wife of this county have been married sixty-two years today, and have been members of the Christian Church for sixty-five years, joining the Church at 17. They are both now in their 83rd year, being the parents of eleven children, ten of whom are now living. They have fifty-five grandchildren and forty-nine great-grandchildren.

The will of the late H. P. Wilson of Orangeburg was admitted to record yesterday. The property is left to his brother and to his wife as long as the latter lives or remains his widow. If she marries or dies, her share goes to their son, Zalma Melton Wilson, and in the event of the latter's death it goes to her brother's brother D. G. Wilson and his sisters, Mary A. Secrist and Elizabeth G. Roush. D. G. Wilson and L. M. Collis are named as Administrators.

The will of the late T. M. Pearce was admitted to record yesterday. He leaves \$1,000 to T. M. Pearce, Jr., to be paid to him when he arrives at 25 years of age. One dollar is bequeathed to his brother, James C. Pearce, and the balance of the estate is to be equally divided between his remaining brothers, Charles B. Pearce, Jr., and Ethelbert L. Pearce. Charles B. Pearce is named as Executor, without bond, and no inventory is to be made of the estate.

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The scheme of fusion between the Pops and silver Democrats in Hardin failed.

The worst kind of a hurt is the one that seems such a little thing when you try to explain it.

A woman never really feels important till her baby gets big enough for her to take it to church.

A man never knows how much he thinks of a girl till she does something that hurts him.

Nowadays you can't ever tell how a girl's waist fits her by the looks of her coat in the back.

The Tennessee Senate passed a bill appropriating \$50,000 for the Tennessee Centennial Exposition.

Lane & Worick have redilled the hole burned in the floor of the Council Chamber, and all is again well.

Nesbitt & Co. will on March 4th occupy the business house recently vacated by the Progress Shoe Store.

The Sixth Ward Debating Club had as its subject last night, "Resolved, That Woman Should Have the Right of Suffrage."

Nine-year-old George McGuff was killed at Lexington by the accidental discharge of a revolver with which he was playing.

Miss Bertha Ort entertained the Epworth League of the Third Street M. E. Church at her home on West Second street last night.

Mr. James Dunbar, the electric Motorcar, has been a whole train of cars by himself since yesterday. There's a pretty little girl at his house.

Mr. William Hicks was painfully injured at the Hall Floor Factory by a file breaking, a piece striking him on the lips and making an ugly cut.

H. S. Tucker was shot and instantly killed on the streets of Knoxville, Tenn., yesterday morning by Horace Keith. The men were rivals for the affections of a young widow.

Lewis Thompson, a well-known and respected man of Robertson county, died suddenly Saturday. He was a nephew of ex Representative G. H. Thompson, and a prominent merchant and land owner.

Major C. W. F. Dick, former Chairman of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee, is said to be booked for appointment as Fourth Assistant Postmaster General—the District headman of the next Administration.

SPOILED THE SPORT.

Aberdeen Authorities Swoop Down on the Wharfboat Full of Cockfighters.



The fowls misbehaved last night.

The city had yesterday received daily invitations to a cockfight, which was billed to occur last night on the now famous Aberdeen Wharfboat(?)

As an extra inducement to attend, a postscript added, "There'll be a coochee-coochee dance."

So, when the time came for the pilgrims to depart for their Mecca of enjoyment, application was made to the officers of the steamer M. P. Wells to take them and the Wharfboat in tow.

"Nay," said the boatmen.

They then tried the officers of the steamer Silver Wave.

"Nix," was the response.

As a last resort, they persuaded Captain C. M. Plister with their persuasive powers.

"Nix—Nix—Nix," said the Captain—and as he owned the only remaining craft that could help them out they gave up all hope of having a steamer to tow them about on the bosom of the beautiful river.

The only recourse was a flotilla of small craft, so they went in squads and skiffs and junks and "jags" to the floating coliseum, which was anchored at the lower end of Aberdeen.

Here they gathered, and the fun began, but just as the second fight was being pulled down and pulled the party—or as many as didn't take leg bail and to the willows and water.

The owner of the Wharfboat, Mr. Kibler, and a Mr. Lyons were the only ones secured.

The others will probably show up within the next few days.

The coal mines of Alabama produced 5,100,000 tons of coal last year, being but 50,000 tons less than the output of the phenomenal season of 1895.

After September 1st next the Pension Agency at Louisville will be discontinued, and all Kentucky pensioners will be paid from the Agency at Washington City.

Auditor Stone has issued an order calling a meeting of the State Board of Equalization to meet at Frankfort tomorrow. They will begin work at once on the equalization of the assessments of property of the counties.

The Postmaster General seems to be determined to fill all the Kentucky Post-offices with Democrats before the end of this month, for Saturday he appointed over a dozen Futuristic Postmasters, who take office without delay for four years.

The receipts of the several Building Associations of this city Saturday night were as follows:

Nash County.....	\$100.00
Limestone.....	1.00
People's.....	1.00
Total.....	\$102.00

MASON COUNTY WOMAN.

Was the Mother of Addison Cammack, the New York Millionaire.

Addison Cammack, the New York millionaire and a Kentuckian who is about to retire from Wall street, is a descendant of a fine old Virginia family who came to Kentucky at an early period in his history.

His mother was one of several hand-some daughters, and was born and reared to womanhood on Tuckahoe Ridge in this county.

She was Miss Patsy Mackay, and was married in the early part of this century to Mr. Cammack, a resident of the South-east part of this state.

She lived but a few years, and left three sons, of whom Addison was the youngest—a mere infant at the time of his mother's death.

He was tenderly cared for by his mother's sister, Mrs. America Johnston of Clarksville, Tenn., till he was 10 or 12 years old.

Then he went to New Orleans to live with his uncle, who was a banker of that city.

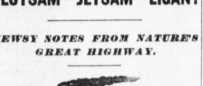
He is held in high esteem among his associates in business as a man of fine character.

He has many relatives in Kentucky. Mrs. Boyd Wilson of Louisville being a first cousin and the Hon. W. H. Mackay of Covington also distantly related.

He is a descendant through his mother of George Walton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and is also a relative of Chief Justice Marshall of Virginia.

FLOTSAM—JETSAM—LIGANI!

NEWSY NOTES FROM NATURE'S GREAT HIGHWAY.



The Sherley will pass up to Pomeroy tonight.

The Stanley was the Pomeroy packet last night.

The Bonanza will pass down tonight from Pomeroy.

Over 12,000,000 bushels of coal left Pittsburgh on the present run.

The Keystone State left Pittsburgh last night for Cincinnati with a big trip.

Great damage has been wrought by the heavy ice and water above. The small steamer Vesper was completely wrecked, a ferry-boat at the mouth of the Kanawha was sunk, while the loss to lumbermen on the small streams will be enormous.

The Ohio is assuming dangerous proportions, owing to the February floods. It is swelling from headwaters its entire length. There is 20 feet at this point by the mark, a rise of 6 feet in twenty-four hours, and the stream is still rising rapidly. Conditions are as follows elsewhere:

Both the Allegheny and Mononah are rising, and at Pittsburgh the Ohio has reached 12 feet, a rise of over 5 feet since Sunday; Wheeling, 18.4, a rise of 1.5; Parkersburg, 35.7, within 2 feet of danger line, rose 3.7 feet; Radford, on New river, reports a rise of 3.9 feet; at Clinton New river rose 2.3, and is now 7.7 feet; Charleston, Kanawha 31.5 feet, rose 9.5 feet; Pt. Pleasant, 34 feet, danger line is 36 feet, rose 19.4 feet; Caltetisbury, Ohio rose 9.5 feet and is now 27.5 feet; Portsmouth, 26.9 feet, a rise of 8.4 feet in the past twenty-four hours.

Holiday Merchandise Holds Sway at Ballenger's!

- Diamonds, in all mountings;
- Clocks, in every variety;
- Dishes and Plates, singly and in sets;
- Solid Silverware, in newest designs;
- Cut Glass, in exquisite patterns;
- Watches and Jewelry, without end.
- Prices, the very lowest.

BALLENGER, Jeweler.

A big effort is being made to have the whisky tax case reversed by the Court of Appeals.

The Birmingham Rolling Mill Company has completed all arrangements to transform the mill into a steel plant. The steel will be made from Alabama ore and the plant will be the largest South of Pittsburgh.

"BLUE AND GRAY"

A Pathetic Incident on the Battlefield of Richmond.

William Wilkerson, for many years Jailer of Fayette County, and noted for his fidelity to truth, related to a Lexington Leader contributor the following pathetic incident of heroism which he witnessed shortly after the battle at Richmond, Ky., in 1862:

"A son of my friend, Hon. Cassius M. Clay, was killed in the fight at Richmond, and it was made my duty to visit the battlefield to identify the body and take it to his father's home. While riding slowly over the scene of the battle I heard groans, which I was sure came from a cornfield near at hand. Looking down the corn rows I soon discovered two wounded soldiers lying about forty yards apart. One was a Federal and the other a Confederate. A cannon ball had broken and terribly mangled both of the Confederates' legs, while the Federal was shot through the body and thigh.

"I am dying for water," I heard the Federal say just as I discovered them. He words sounded as if they came from a parched mouth.

"I have some water in my canteen. You are welcome to a drink if you'll come here," said the Confederate, who had feebly raised his head from the ground to look at his late enemy when he heard his pitiful cry for water.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the Federal, as he dropped his head to the ground, while his whole body quivered with agony.

"Then I beheld an act of heroism which held me spellbound until it was too late for me to give the assistance I should have rendered. The Confederate lifted his head again and took another look at his wounded foe, and I saw an expression of tender pity come over his pain-distorted face, as he said:

"Hold out a little longer, Yank, and I'll try to come to you." Then the brave fellow, by digging his fingers in the ground and catching hold of the corn stalks, painfully dragged himself to the Federal's side, the blood from his mangled legs making a red trail the entire distance. The tears ran down my cheeks like rain, and out of sympathy for him, I groaned every time he moved, but I was so lost to everything except the fellow's heroism that I did not once think of helping him.

"When the painful journey was finished he offered his canteen to the Federal, who took it and drank eagerly, the water seeming to sizzle as it passed down his parched throat. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, he reached out to the Confederate, and it was plain to see as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes that whatever of hate may have rankled once in the hearts of these men had now given place to mutual sympathy and love. Even while I watched them I saw the Confederate's body quiver as it lay in a spasm of pain, and when he had dropped to the ground I knew that a hero had crossed the dark river. The Federal kissed the dead hero's hand repeatedly, and cried like a child until I had him removed to the hospital, where he, too, died the next day."

An Illinois Preacher deserted his wife and eloped with a widow.

The C. and O. has arranged for all the storage room needed during the inauguration in Washington. All the passenger cars that will be needed by the road for handling inaugural business can be well taken care of in the Capital City. The securing of storage room for cars at the time will be no easy matter for lines not prepared.

BIG BRASS BAND.

Seemed as Though Its Members Would Never Stop Coming.

Comedian William H. Crane says that the greatest brass band that this country ever knew was an organization in Ottumwa, Iowa, many years ago.

"I've heard Gilmore and Sousa, and all the rest," said Mr. Crane recently, "but their bands couldn't be compared with that prairie aggregation for a moment."

"In my theatrical salad days—when I was much younger than I am now—I was trying to pilot a company of thespian bright lights throughout the Western provinces. Business was bad and our treasury low. At Ottumwa the theater orchestra had some sort of a grievance against the management, and demanded pay in advance. The theater refused, and our organization was not financially in a position to discount the future for a single moment. So I started out to find some sort of music, if possible, to tide us over. I finally succeeded in getting the Ottumwa brass band to agree to play three selections in front of the theater before the performance in return for free admission to the show."

"The band showed up on time, carried out its part of the contract, and went into the theater. I was on the door that night and by and by I was struck by the fact, that the Ottumwa brass band must be one of the most remarkable musical organizations in the country. Every minute or two somebody would come up to the door with a brass horn under his arm, wave it at me, and sail into the theater without a word. After I had passed in fifty or sixty musicians in this way I began to grow a trifle suspicious, and stopped an old granger who was carrying in a big tub.

"Excuse me, sir," I remarked, "but do you play in the band?"

"Nope," he answered.

"What are you doing with that horn then?" I asked.

"I'm going to go in on it if I can," he replied, candidly.

"Whose is it?" I inquired.

"Blamed if I know," he said. "A fellow outside there gave it to me, and said I could get in with it."

"I left the door and stepped inside the theater just in time to see one of the band boys drop another horn out of a window into the hands of somebody outside in the alley."

"As nearly as I can calculate, the Ottumwa brass band that night must have had more members than Gilmore or Sousa ever directed at one time."

BOYS' & YOUTHS'

Calf Shoes

HIGH CUT BALLS AND BUTT-ON.

J. HENRY PECOR.

